DENMARK D.Kr. 23.50 ITALY Lire 3000 GERMANY Dm. 10.90 HOLLAND Fl. 8.25 FINLAND Mkk. 12.50 SPAIN Ptas. 300 $3.25 70925 MM

85p

KNAVE

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 1

WHATEVER TURNS HER ON?
EROTICA FOR THE LADIES

SEX IN COMICS
POW! BLAM! GROAN! SIGH!

SEX ACROSS THE CURTAIN
THE BERLIN FILE

PLUS FROM ANNETTE WITH LOVE!

From Annette with love

As delicious as ever, and set off by the peaches and cream decor, Annette disrobes delightfully. She even slips in a little strip-tease for you. Meanwhile she has a few choice words to say on the subjects of accents, first impressions, second thoughts, pedestals, pillions, dustmen and doctors, and snobbery and the class system!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

It's amazing how a voice can be either a turn on or a turn off. Keith Stevens from Horsham in Sussex writes:

"Dear Annette,

I met this great looking bird and fell head over heels in love with her. She used to catch the same bus after work as I did, and we started a casual 'nodding' friendship which developed. She was generous, warm and responsive in love-making, with a lot of old fashioned common sense, yet something pulled at my sleeve when my sexual fantasizing ended and more serious thinking – i.e. marriage – began. *Her voice!* It wasn't what you'd call 'Public School', or what we here in the South of England would call 'Cor Blimey', and neither was it the rich, earthy, vowels of our native Sussex. I can best call it 'London Suburban'. It grated. It had sibilance, and, in the end, it cooled me down completely. Am I a snob? I am worried because I feel very guilty about the whole thing, and can't – daren't – explain all this to our mutual friends."

Keith, love; relax! Your problem is as old as the hills. Sight, Smell, and Speech, in that order, are the three major factors which attract men and women to each other – or not, as the case may be. You say *you* can't stand a London Suburban accent. O.K. It took me many years, when I first came down to 'the Smoke' and started modelling, to be really at ease with any man who 'spoke posh'. I was very young, still in my teens, and, if I say so myself, very attractive. All sorts of 'chaps' who spoke with plums in their mouths asked me out. That was fun, but when they took me to one of their exclusive clubs, or introduced me to their friends, I had to strive very hard not to be shy or show that I was ill at ease. I became conscious of how *I* spoke; my grammar – I noticed how the educated Southern girls said 'How do you do?', instead of 'Pleased to meetcha'; 'Goodbye' or 'Cheerio', instead of 'tarrah', and 'cigarette', *never* 'fag', or 'ciggie'.

"When we're making love we are generally naked. These are very personal, private moments, when two people literally strip off all the pretence and affectations."

It worried me, especially when I heard two Southerners discussing a girl, saying: 'Wait till she gets smashed, old boy, and listen to the 'Ee by gum' spill out!'

Then, one day, I was being dined in The Savoy by a titled person when a silver-haired man, smoking a huge cigar, dropped by and greeted him. 'Hello, Charles, you old sod!' said my escort, The Earl of ————, 'who've you been screwing lately?'

'Just belt up, Basil, or I won't take you down to me 'owse in the country at the weekend for free champers, and then what would you broke, bleedin' aristocrats do for poncing a free meal?' retorted the silver haired man with a rich, Cockney accent. He was a famous millionaire property tycoon, he could have bought and sold anyone in that room, and yet he was as natural as the day he was born. Because of that, *because* he was so completely unaffected, everybody liked him. But I could no more have woken up every morning listening to his kind of accent for the rest of my life than the posh voice of the Eton and Oxford educated Earl.

You see, Keith, what it comes down to is what makes you feel most comfortable. If something doesn't, it's not a bit of good decrying yourself for your own inability to get on terms, or expect the other person to change, just for you. A shrewd old Hollywood actor once advised me: 'When the right man comes along you won't be able to recall his voice, until you think about it for a while...!'

When we're making love we are generally naked. These are very personal, private moments, when two people literally strip off all the pretence and affectations. I always think that it is the most honest thing in the world because, when two people first meet, they inevitably put their best foot forward. The girl dresses up and

has her hair done. She selects man-trap clothes and perfumes which suit her and looks, for two or three hours only, her very best – out of a total week of 168 of them.

The boy does the same. he displays himself like a peacock, putting on the latest chic in suit, jeans, or jacket, is usually over attentive, and behaves with a gallantry which would surprise everyone who knew him, if they saw, especially his mother!

Not surprisingly, that sublime state of affairs doesn't last for very long. The best foot itches to be put back alongside the other, because of the strain; the couple start seeing each other's faults as well as virtues, by which time they either call it a day or have sex. When they see each other unclothed for the first time all they have left is pride. She knows that it is the moment when she will just have to get along with what nature gave her and hope what it didn't won't notice much. He, in his turn, realises he's not in the pub with the boys, bragging about his sexual ability. The very young, or immature, girl will put everything into her love making to make a big impression. The older woman will assume a role, making the man think *he* is dictating the pace, and not bruising his male ego by taking the upper hand, any more than she would the lead in ballroom dancing. All this is now known as 'body language', and it can be just as thrilling, or cutting, as the way a person speaks.

Snobbery is not all from the top downwards. There is the inverted snob; someone reasonably well educated, who deliberately roughs up their accent and habits to fit in with a (lower) group.

There was a lot of this in the Swinging Sixties when Beatlemania swept the country. It even spread to Eton, when boys began growing their hair very long, wearing jeans, and playing a guitar out of classroom hours. It was horrible. I remember, when I had a flat in London just off Regent's Park, and new innovations for babycare happened, how middle class Mums would pronounce toilet training, 'toilet tryning', apeing a Cockney accent, just as the upper classes of Tom Brown's Schooldays delighted in saying 'ain't'.

"...and now he goes out with a tart, who dresses as if she's about to do a strip-tease, and likes wearing her skin tight leopard-skin trousers when she's riding pillion..."

Looking at my last month's post-bag, and analysing readers problems I find that no less than three out of five letters have class problems.

Jenny K. of Leeds – shame on your Yorkshire common sense, lass – is a sad case in point.

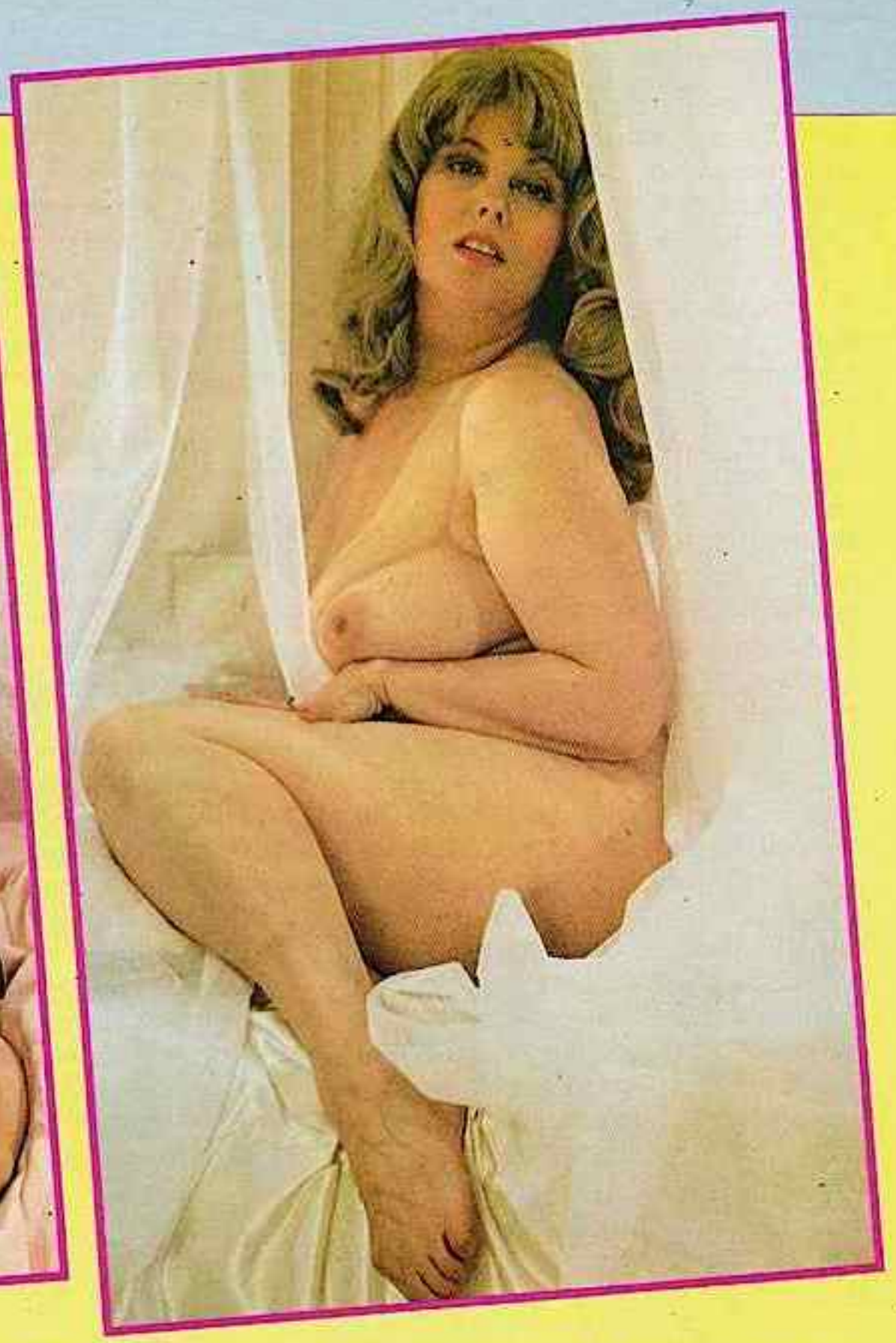
"Dear Annette,

I met a smashing bloke six months ago at a disco. He was a great mover, and not a bit conceited, despite his good looks. I was very chuffed when he started paying attention to me, and found him to be as considerate a lover in bed as he was a rough and ready guy, who wouldn't swear in front of ladies, out of it. And then I began to get the upper hand.

I didn't try, Annette, honest I didn't. It was just that he had me up on some kind of pedestal, which was all right for a time, but then I began to get fed up with it, until I thought I would kind of do an 'Eliza' in reverse. You know; not quite as strong as 'Professor Higgins', but teaching him to wear clothes which went well together, and didn't look so flash, getting him to turn his head when he wanted to blow his nose at table; opening the door for me to go first: that sort of thing. Then his friends started teasing him and saying he was under my thumb, and although he said he didn't pay any attention to them, it upset him and we began to have rows until we were always quarrelling.

We split, and he now goes out with a tart, who dresses as if she's about to do a strip-tease, and likes wearing her skin tight leopard-skin trousers when she's riding pillion on his racing bike. I want to get him back. What can I do?"

In a case like yours, Jenny, the first thing I would say is that you have to decide which is



hurt the most, your pride, or your heart? You met a guy who, on your own admission, was 'rough and ready', but a decent boy, who treated you well. You fell for him, and then tried to change him into something he wasn't, and probably could never be. You, by doing that, made him unsure of himself, and drove him into an 'It's them or me' situation with his mates. You split his loyalties when there was never any need for doing so. In plain language, you behaved like a selfish, spoiled brat – and if I had been him I'd have planted my boot right up your backside. Even as Annette Johnson, I would have done the same to you if you had been near me when I read your letter. Jenny, luv, for God's sake, grow up. And if next time you fall in love with the dustman, don't pretend he's your doctor – because maybe he doesn't see you as the next Queen of England.

Norman T. of Bromsgrove wants to know if I think the old adage for men about treating a lady like a tart, in bed, and a tart like a lady, is true. Here again, I don't honestly know the answer, Norman. All I can do is to tell you how I react. I'm not a lady, in the genteel meaning of the word, and I'm not a tart. I'm somewhere in the middle, like the other 90% of the female race. 'Talking dirty' *can* turn me on when I'm in the mood, and when I'm in bed with a certain type of man; the kind who really physically arouses me. We've all had these sort of affairs, where it's all down to sex and precious little in common outside of it. They're O.K., because I enjoy sex, and don't have any hang-ups about it.

However, a more mature relationship is generally evenly balanced between its mental and physical sides, and to hear someone who has been talking about painting or music a couple of hours before, flattered you, and completely gained your confidence and attention, suddenly start to 'eff and b' when his penis enters you is, for me at any rate, all wrong.

"You split his loyalties when there was never any need for doing so. You behaved like a selfish, spoiled brat – and if I had been him I'd have planted my boot up your backside."

It is so out of character that when it happens I completely cool off. Sex, I am convinced, doesn't accept social levels or barriers.

Ross T. of Wandsworth asks me if I think it's a good idea going out with a person of another race and having sex with them? He explains that he's just met "this terrific Barbadian girl. She's coffee cream, rather than chocolate. I really am in love with her, but all my mates are teasing me, saying that if we become serious and got married we would only be raising half-caste children. Should we just carry on as we are and then call it a day, do you think? Or is there any point in becoming really serious about each other?"

It's clear to me, Ross, from your letter that you *are* 'really serious about each other', because your letter throbs with happiness. 'Half-caste' is a horrid term. It's rather like a good definition of a 'brat' I read the other day. 'A brat is a child who behaves exactly the same as your own, but who lives next door.'

Why apologise if your girlfriend happens to be a different colour, and why feel badly? If coffee cream girls turn you on, so what? Supposing you were into flagellation, and couldn't get an erection until she whipped you? People might laugh behind your back and make uncomplimentary remarks, but it wouldn't alter the fact that sexually, a good whipping was what you were really into, would it? She obviously has something more going for her than her colour for you to think about really getting serious about each other.

I'd like to finish with a quote I read the other day, which makes good sense, in your case, attributed to King George V. A guest at one of his dinner parties arrived late and informally dressed. The King stopped his abject apologising by saying: "Those around my table who mind don't matter, and those who matter don't mind!"

Keep writing,

Love to you all.

Annette.

"As I always remind you, my column couldn't keep going without your help. So do please write – on any subject – and I'll try to answer you through the magazine. Sorry I can't write personally. Write to Annette Johnson, c/o Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. I can't wait to hear from you."

Debbie Burrows

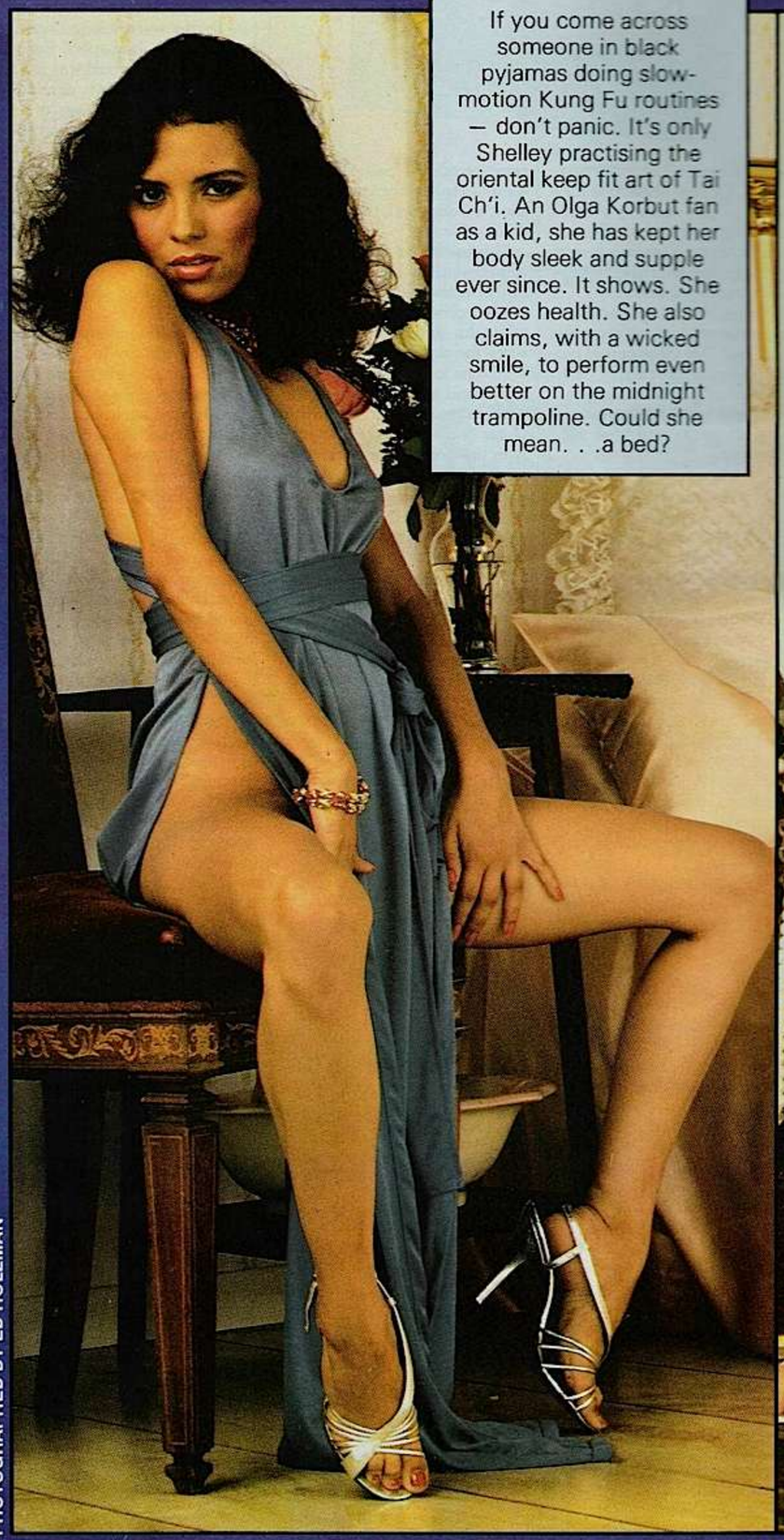
KNAVE'S AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

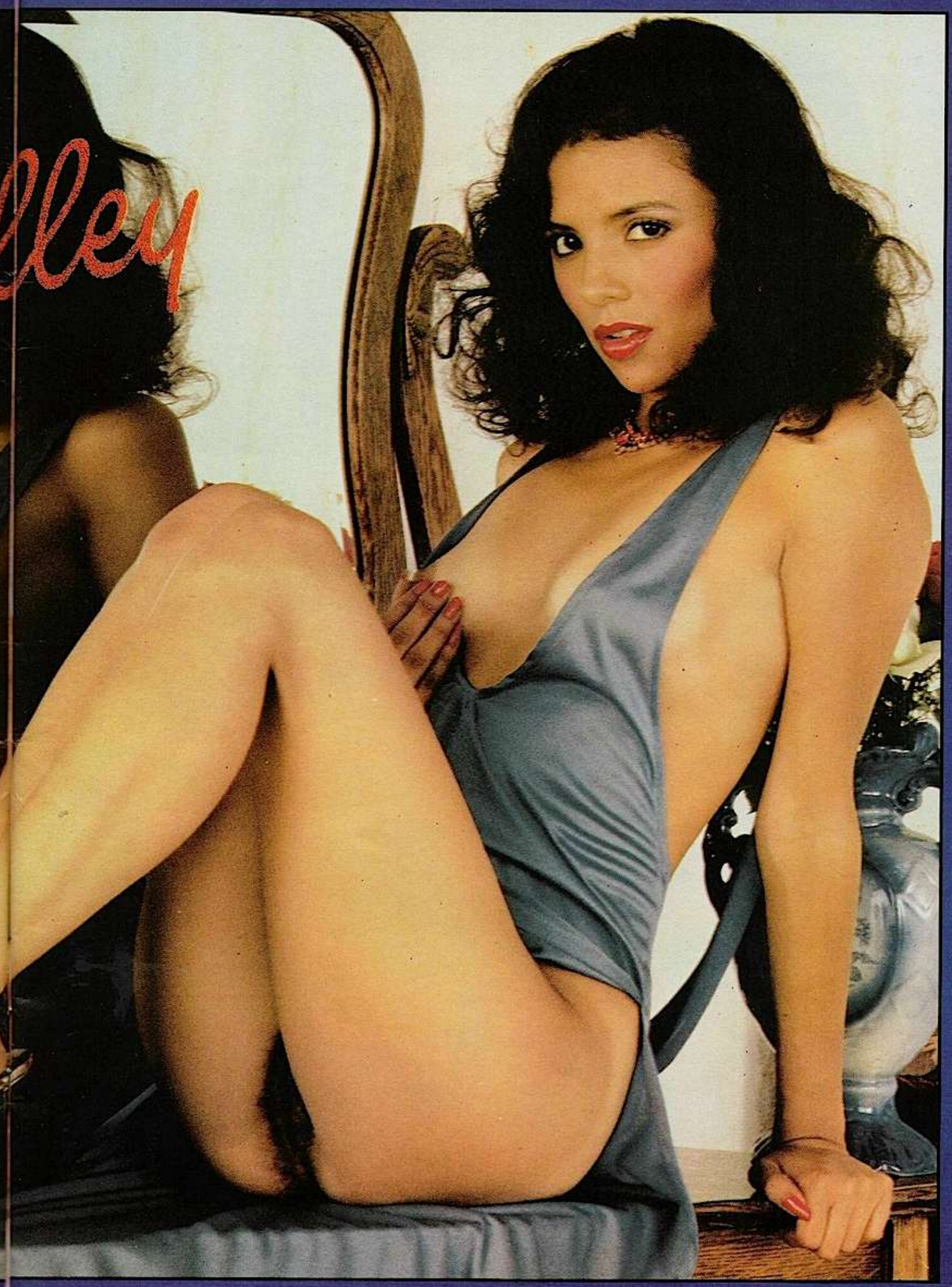
Go on, admit it. If we hadn't told you — you'd never have guessed. Where some girls freeze in front of a camera, Debbie glowed. She might have been a little shy to begin with but. . .well, see for yourselves! And was it worth that trip down from Yorkshire? She got all shy again. "Happen," she said. But her smile said a whole lot more.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

Shelley

If you come across someone in black pyjamas doing slow-motion Kung Fu routines — don't panic. It's only Shelley practising the oriental keep fit art of Tai Ch'i. An Olga Korbut fan as a kid, she has kept her body sleek and supple ever since. It shows. She oozes health. She also claims, with a wicked smile, to perform even better on the midnight trampoline. Could she mean. . .a bed?





PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED HOLZMAN

STEVIE

This is Stevie splashing out on a new paint job. But the only old clothes she has are the cap and shirt — so off come those sweet, white panties. Roller Girl becomes Paint Stripper. In fact Stevie's a 22-year-old

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS

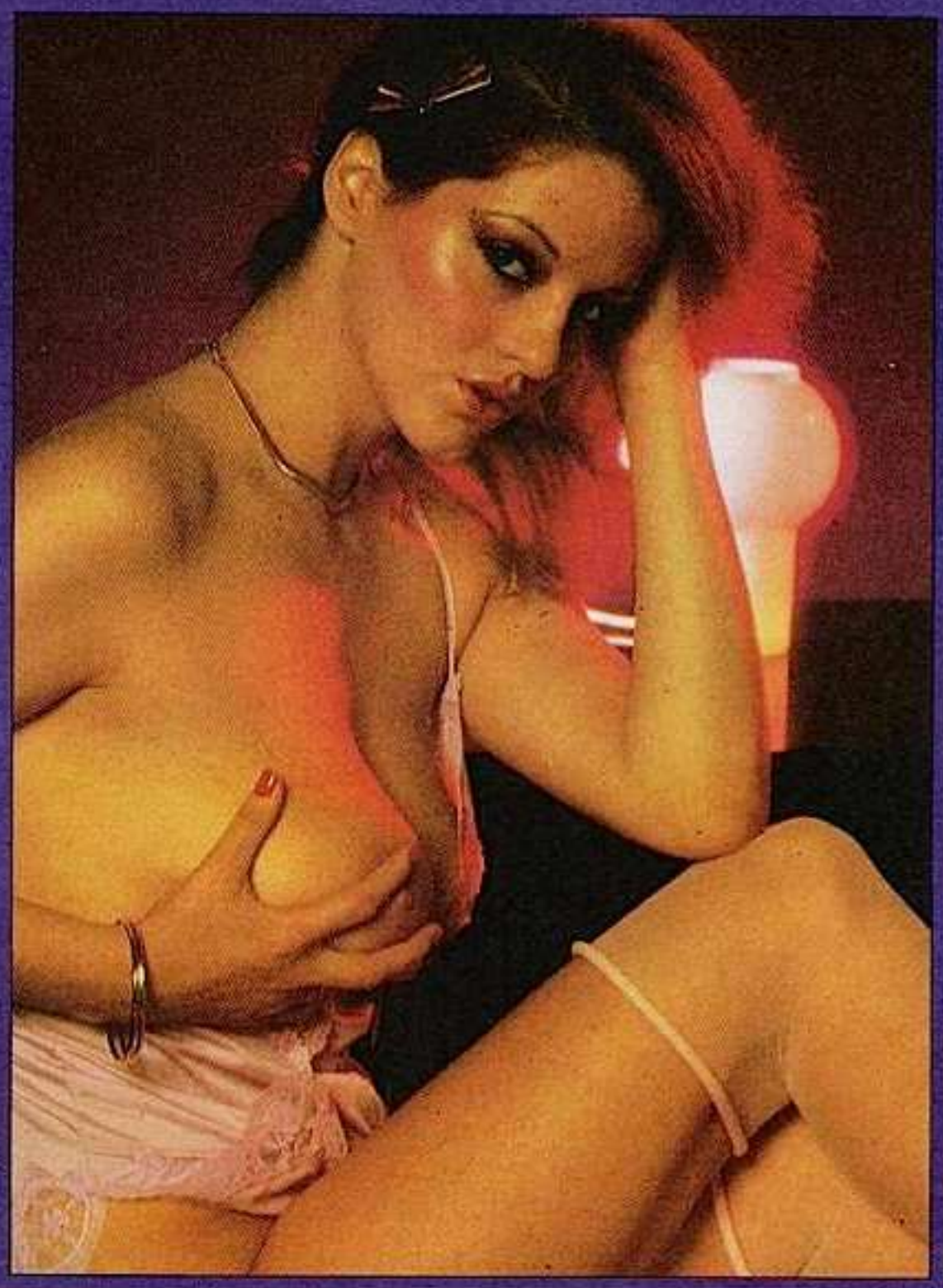
Australian of Italian extraction, modelling her way around Europe. She's currently enjoying a 'nine to five' routine around London's West End. That's p.m. to a.m., by the way.
We do hope her pussy doesn't get distemper.

STEVIE KNAVE MAGAZINE

TITIA

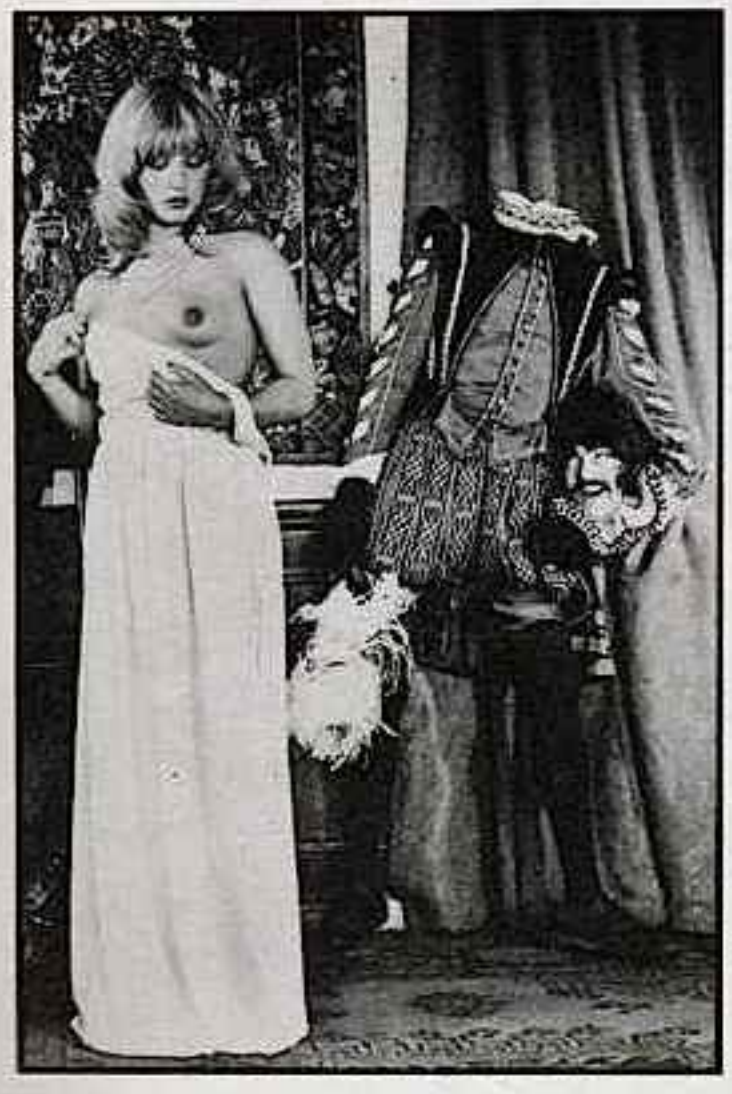
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAT CONNELLY

With a name like that, she has to be American. But not the usual brash bundle of aggression. She charmingly explained that her name was "Tee-sha" and made it sound like a soft wet tongue in your ear. Then she asked if we'd like her to shave for the photo-session. Blank looks from one and all. We settled for a typical British compromise — a trim. A short-back-and-sides effect that is very fetching. Sadly she declined our eager offers of assistance and snipped away in private, presumably with the aid of a rear-view mirror. To see what we mean, turn to the bottom of/on page 74 . . .



The Lady Undresses

One day while passing the local stately home (pronounced hume), Melanie had a fit of historics and popped in for a bit of culture. Alas! — she came under the influence of Sir Basil Breechloader. A ghost so obsessed with sex that he's not only see-through — but topless! Under this strange (but not unpleasant) compulsion, Melanie seductively stripped and lay submissively at the beastly Baronet's feet. "Odds Bodkins!" quoth he, "verily I am smitten, darlin' — fancy a bit of spooky nooky?" And when she agreed he lost his head and got carried away. . .



EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORD EVEREST